To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yf he wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue I pray you wrong me not.
An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

Morocho. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Portia. In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,

And hedgd me by his wit
His wife, who winnes me
Your ſelfe (renowned Prin
As any commer I haue loo
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I tha
Therefore I pray you lead
To try my fortune: By thi
That ſlewe the Sophy, and
That wone three fields of S
I would ore-ſtare the ſterne
Out-braue the hart moſt da
Pluck the young ſucking C
Yea, mock the Lyon when
To win the Lady. But alas
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* play
Which is the better man, th
May turne by fortune from
So is *Alcides* beaten by his
And ſo may I, blind Fortu
Miſſe that which one vnwo
And die with greeuing.
Portia. You muſt take y
And eyther not attempt to
Or ſweare before you choo
Neuer to ſpeake to Lady a
In way of marriage, theref
Mor. Nor will not, com
Portia. Firſt forward to t
Your hazard ſhall be made
Mor. Good fortune the
To make me bleſt or curſe

Enter

Clowne. Certainely, my
this Iewe my Maiſter: the
ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launce*